

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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Jasper's Note Book

It is only a little over a quarter of a century since in what is now Alberta there were only two or three white women and their experiences have been the theme of many a good story that old timers have told. There are still parts of the Empire in which woman has yet to make an appearance. One of the latest to acknowledge her claims is Tamale (a hot one too it may be presumed from its proximity to the equator). Two years ago Lieut. Col. Watherston, commissioner of that territory, situated four hundred miles south of Timbuctoo, brought out his wife. In the current number of the Nineteenth Century she tells her experience.

There was generally no more than five or six Englishmen at Tamale, and they had to rule several hundred thousand blacks in a territory of mountain, forest and desert, the area of which is estimated at from 38,000 to 50,000 square miles. These Englishmen were not delighted when they heard that a woman was coming out to be no place for a white rough and dangerous, and life were sometimes almost they could not answer to but she came, and there curious and excited people describing the entry of the Watherstone says:

"We rode the last gallop, the escort thundred again the flags along the huge written 'Welcome,' we reined up to acknowledge the guard of honor. Who to greet the various chief were arrayed in all the robes and silver ornament leather and leopard skins friendly pandshake, many tongues, and always a smile."

As soon as Mrs. Watherston and the piano, which came from the nearest natives heard grand airs, regimental tunes, and music was a treat to the "It does away with all in Tamale was not a kept house very much as home, but not as well, for more complicated and all. The Colonel's lady says:

"When I arrived on the scene there was many upheavals, and for the first few weeks it was a sorrowful world for my staff. I refused to have my course served up with fried onions, I utterly declined to eat carry more than once in every three days, and I organized a daily round of inspection to pantry and kitchen. They were horribly worried, poor boys. It makes me laugh now to think of William's face as I told him I must see every one of the dozen dusters I had given him a week previously. When I tell you that in West Africa a duster is used for the whole gamut of cleansing purposes, from lamp cleaning to polishing the glasses, you will understand my fastidiousness. I meant to raise the standards of living, and I ended by doing so, but I had no idea it would be such a hard task."

This little group of English people had their social functions in the wilderness, their teas, their seven o'clock dinner, their golf, their games of bridge and their musicales. They "dressed for dinner," too, and had silver and cut glass and pink shaded lights on the table. In short, they regulated their lives by the London standards, and made themselves comfortable as if they were to stay at Tamale forever. But at best it was a hard life, and the gayeties were few. "Here at home," observes Mrs. Watherston, "they say that England has passed her zenith; but out there in England's colonies her sons still give the best of mind and body, her women more than life, and give gladly, as their share of the price that is paid for the nation's glory, in which they, at all events, still believe."

The picture is one that may well fill us with pride in our race. It illustrates what a variety of interests are included in what we are in the habit of referring to so lightly as the Empire, as well as the methods which have made the Britisher the great

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Arthur and Princess Patricia

The Duke of Connaught is to come to Canada for a period of at least two years. The long period of uncertainty is terminated by the official announcement to this effect.

It is surprising that the news should give rise to any feeling but that of satisfaction. The appointment undoubtedly involves a genuine sacrifice on the part of the King and Canadians will be false to their traditions if they do not show their hearty appreciation of the move.

The agitation that has been conducted in Ontario under the leadership of the Toronto Star is not representative of Canadian sentiment. The Weekly Sun speaks of "backstairs influence and covert intrigue" be-

trude in no sense speak for the citizens of any part of Canada. The great majority are fully aware that the term of Government of which the sovereign is a very essential part is that best suited for the attainment of the great objects of our national ambition and must welcome every move

Land. His life has been one of useful public service. In the army he was never a figurehead, but discharged heavy responsibilities that devolved upon him in a manner to win the outspoken praise of those who were in no sense courtiers. Edgar Wallace in his "Writ in Barracks" has this reference to him:

"What 'as the general done?" sez I,

"What 'as the general done?"

"O, 'e's a Prince of the Royal Blood,

An' they chucked 'im 'is rank for fun?"

But that was a lie, for I found out since."

"E's nonepence a soldier an' shrup-pence a Prince."



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SUB DIVISION

who the victims will be.

The commissioners, on Mr. Bouillon's motion and with Mr. Butchart supporting him, decided to dispense with the services of Superintendent McNaughton of the power plant and Superintendent Biswanger of the street railway. The mayor dissented from the action of his colleagues. On Tuesday evening the dispute shifted to another arena, when the dismissed superintendents placed their views before the council. Definite action was postponed there. Last summer the council passed a resolution giving complete power in the matter of dismissals to the commissioners. In view of this, the aldermen could hardly, with any propriety whatever, undertake to overrule the executive body, right off the bat, as it were.

The only step open to them is to make an investigation, should the allegations of the superintendents appear to warrant it, and then if it is shown that injustice has been done and the commissioners are not pursuing a policy that is in the interests of the city, to move for such changes in their personnel as seems to be necessary.

This is the only logical course. To take away summarily the power of dismissal, as the resolution of which Ald. Millar gave notice proposes, a few months after it has been granted and on the first occasion that it has been exercised to any important purpose, is to make a joke of our whole system of government. Yet, if the charges which Messrs. McNaughton and Biswanger make can be substantiated and Mr. Bouillon cannot make a satisfactory reply to them, it is not wise to let him go further.

It is evident that a majority of the aldermen are not favorably disposed towards the public works commissioner. This is a reasonable interpretation

of the most complete information should be given the direct representatives of the citizens. Yet it would be most unwise for them to interfere except for the best of reasons. To go a step further and dismiss any commissioner, particularly a man like Mr. Bouillon, who has had less than a year in which to show what he can do, would be folly unless it is perfectly clear that his methods are disorganizing and rendering generally inefficient the services, which we are paying him a large salary to place on a better basis.

The pith of the whole matter is this, then, that the councillors must investigate but that they must take no precipitate action. The people want the commission system given a fair trial. They are tired of the constant changes that have been made since it was introduced. They were doubtful last summer when Mr. Bouillon was engaged, whether the council had made sure enough of the fact that he was the man for the post but once he was installed, they desired that he be given every chance to show what he could do. If the aldermen at this early date come to the conclusion that a mistake was made in engaging him and let him go, they will be taking a large responsibility on their shoulders and will have to have the most complete justification of their course to offer.

The confidence the people of Edmonton show when it comes to voting large sums for public purposes is superb. It must, till the enterprising men in eastern cities with envy when they note the contrast in the treatment of money by us here and there. Edmonton was last week asked to vote half-a-million dollars, none of which was for directly productive purposes, and did so, with the dissenters numbering something like a tenth of those in favor

of the different measures. The expenditure on the exhibition grounds will help very materially in the realization of the association's plans and will make that body a great factor in the city's development. The providing of industrial sites has already had the effect of bringing several promising applications. The Saturday News was of the opinion that it would be wise to wait in the matter of the east end bridge, that there were other things which should come before it, but there is no question that it will serve a useful purpose. Not the least important result of its construction will be to help obliterate any feeling of antagonism that remains between the two sections of Greater Edmonton, formed by the river. With the two bridges, in course of time, such sectional sympathy as exists will probably be between the east ends of Edmonton and Strathcona and between the west ends of the two cities, the old municipal lines of division disappearing entirely.

The appointment of Mr. Thomas Lauder to the vacancy caused by Fire Chief Davidson's resignation is a most popular one. The new chief has served a long apprenticeship and there should be no question about his being able to keep the brigade up to a high level of efficiency. How much we owe to it was once more demonstrated when in the early hours Sunday morning, it succeeded in keeping to the sentent a fire, which might easily have destroyed owey-Henry's fine building.

Those who have considered as visionary the project of building a railroad line to Fort McMurray, 60 miles distant, which will open up to communication a country, tapped by two thousand miles of railway, of large known resources and vast possibilities, should note a scheme which the commonwealth of Australia has decided to go on with. It has pledged itself to build a railway from Port Irwin on the north coast to connect with the stem of South Australia. The cost will be \$50,000,000.

Evidently the people of Australia do not set their store by the Bulletin's favorite doctrine, that highways should only be built where there is already population to justify them and not in anticipation of population that will follow their construction. The territory to be served by this enormously extensive road at present contains less than 3,000 people, of whom two-thirds are Asiatics.

It is believed, of course, that with the opening of communication a large development of natural resources will follow. Yet the possibilities are thing like as great as those of Edmonton's hinterland. Nor does the latter suffer from such scourges as act as a drawback in the Australian north country. One of these is the frequent visitation of the white t. What does a few weeks of below zero weather the course of a year count for in the scale with a pestilence as this?

The name of J. Pierpont Morgan is one that has been bandied about in Alberta of late to no small extent. It was freely alleged that he had been a party to a shady financial transaction. Those who know of the strictness that characterizes the dealings of men in the Morgan class never for a moment gave credit to the imputation. But for the sake of those who are willing to believe the worst of him and his associates, a passage from an article in the current number of McClure's is well worth reproducing. McClure's has often been called a muck raking magazine. Certainly none has done more to expose crookedness on the part of men in high places and such testimony in favor of any of these as it gives is of no little value. After referring to the part which he took in the Northern Pacific episode of some years ago, McClure's goes on to say:

"The confidence which Mr. Morgan appreciated was well earned. For three generations his house has made and held the leadership in the financial world, largely because its word was absolutely good; because it was not merely perfunctory but aggressively honest. J. P. Morgan himself is as straight as a die. No one with a primary knowledge of Wall Street can doubt this. It is an essential of his business; in underwriting syndicates alone he has disbursed hundreds of millions of dollars' profit in the past twenty years. Not one figure of accounting is ever given to the underwriters in these transactions—merely a check for profits from the syndicate manager, or a demand for money. No man whose word is not absolute can permanently hold the leadership in such work."

Such a statement as this is absolutely convincing.

(Continued on page 5)

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Edmonton city affairs are in the
limb for sure.

The new fire chief is little—but
when it comes to a fire, oh my!

Scene in an Edmonton newspaper
office:

Telegraph Editor—The Duke of
Connaught's appointment as Gover-
nor-General is officially announced.
Managing Editor (to office boy)—
Go and dig out a cut of the Duke for
the morning edition.

Office Boy (a few minutes later)—
Cut can't be found. No one remem-
bers that we ever had one.

Managing Editor—That's rough!
Well, get one of H. B. Round, that'll
do!

Cactus Centre's Resolutions.

Down here in Cactus Centre we've
been passin' resolutions—

We're goin' past all doubtin' to be
awful, awful good;

We have vowed there ain't a-goin' to
be bullet distributions—

Unless some trouble hunter don't
behave as real gents should.

We have vowed we're goin' to show
respect for Judges in their er-
mining.

'Cause we see that necktie parties
is a sign of lack of tact.

There is goin' to be no lynchin'-
weel the cattlemen are squirm-
in—

Unless, of course, some rustler's
caught red-handed in the act.

We are goin' to cut out gamblin'—
all the cyard brigade is only

Too glad to burn the tables and to
cut out all such play.

Unless it sorter fillers that some
homeless chaps git lonely.

And we start a game, real quiet, jest
to while the time away.

And so it is with drinkin', unless some
one else is treatin'—

(To refuse a social duty is offence
against friendship's laws).

We're opposed to too much harshness—
life's black medicine we'd sweeten—

So in each resolve for New Year
we've put in a savin' clause.

—Denver Republican

Our recent visitor, Mr. Frank Bal-
lon, has been lecturing in London on
sharks. Last it should be thought
that he was giving some western Ca-
nadian experiences, it should be men-
tioned that it was the dearest variety
he was discussing. Some of his ob-
servations had a very original turn.

"I can assure you," he declared in a
manner which bore the stamp of truth,
"the shark is really a most estimable
creature. He can swim, no doubt, but
not because he likes it, as a diet—
simply because man happens to be
there. I have seen him swallow a
bag of cinders just blown overhead,

and no one would suggest that a
shark was fond of cinders. He can
swim because he can't help racing every-
thing that comes in his way. His
floating hunger makes him the sea
vampire of the world."

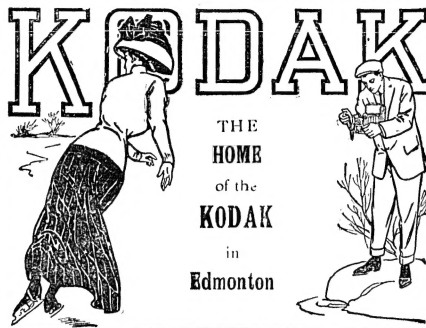
It is, when the estimable quality
comes in is a matter of conjecture.
It cannot increase a man's love for
the shark, as he is gobbled down, to
reflect that it is a matter of habit
on the creature's part, and that a bag
of cinders would be treated the same.

When a shark is being swallowed
by a man, it is a matter of being con-
sidered a matter of habit. That it
is not a matter of habit is a matter of
habit.

Smith has recently been separated
from his wife, an acquaintance, and
aware of the fact, he asked him how
it was.

"Oh," said Smith, "the last I
heard of her she was still able to
sign the family receipts."

The usual crop of campaign stories
has followed the British general elec-
tion. Most of them are of ancient



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vinage. Evidently it is quite a fre-
quent occurrence to have an enter-
prising candidate to hire some one to
make a certain impression so that
he may get off a reply that has struck
his fancy. How easy, for instance,
for him to induce one of his bar-room
acquaintances to attend a meeting
and shout: "Does your mother know
you're in?" when he would utterly
crush the intruder, without applause
following, by hurling back: "Yes, and
next Friday night she'll know I'm in."

A month later the newspaper readers
of two continents would be told what
an exceedingly ready wit he had.

The Vancouver Province isn't dis-
posed to let people think that Eng-
land's politicians are the only ones

dinner in New York, "ac complishes
wonders nowadays. Hearts are sewed
up, the appendix is removed, the large
intestine is done away with. But—"

The noted humorist smiled.
"But will the time ever come when
surgery will be able to remove in-
teck of a young man or the jaw of
an old woman?"

Moralist—"Ah, kind friend, it is
deeds, not words, that count!"

Friend—"Oh, I don't know! Did
you ever send a telegram?"

"Did any of you ever hear the
song?" asked the elderly barder, "en-
titled 'The Laugh of a Child?'"

It appeared that nobody present
ever had heard it.



When the Tariff Boosting Congressman Goes
Home to His District.—Chicago Tribune

who can get smart things off on the
platform. It tells some stories of
old-time elections in B. C. At one of
these Mr. Aspinall, a clever and rock-
less barrister, famous in the far in
Victoria for his fun and audacity, was
addressing a meeting in Ballarat, the
"golden city." The lively audience
had come to that time in his career
when much whiskey and soda had
brought palpable havoc with his com-
plexion. His speech ended and ques-
tions were invited.

Aspinall, followed a stalwart de-
fector, "tells us what makes your face so
red."

"Blushing at your own stupid
error, sir," was the quick reply. It
ended the meeting.

When Mr. Newrich was asked, on
his return to Pavia, what he thought
of Italy, he hesitated for several se-
conds.

"I want to speak fair about every-
country I've been to in my travels,"
he said slowly, "and there are points
about some parts of that Italian
country that I'd like to see repel-
led right here in Pavia."

"I am referring," said Mr. Newrich,
"to his slow and heavy care now
on one member of his audience after
another, to the natural beauties of
the country, you understand. When
you come to buildings, the whole of
Italy, particularly Rome, has seen her
best days in my opinion, and even in
my old world age, what more?"

Mr. Newrich's

"W. D. Miss Smith, if you want to
be a member of that course, I say the
course was absolutely rotten." (The
last two and the latter were not golf
ers)—Globe Illustrated

"Surgery," said Simeon Ford at a

"It was very popular fifty years
ago," he said, "but I don't suppose
it's in any of our modern collections
of music. It was a great favorite of
mine."

"How does it go?" timidly inquired
the new listener.

"I don't remember it all, but a part
of it goes like this—"

Clearing his throat he sang:
"O, the lah-bah-hah of a chi-li-hid
So wi-hid and so free-hee-hee,
Is the mitch-hernest saw-how-
hownd."

In the wuh-hub-hub-hub to me!"

"Dinner's ready!" gasped the land-
lady, although it was a full quarter of
an hour earlier than the regular time.
—Chicago Tribune

"So there's another rupture in
Monte Vefiferous," said Mrs. Par-
ington, as she put on her specs. "The
paper tells us about the burning latter
running down the mountain, but it
doesn't tell how it got there." The Bice.

Upon a certain occasion General
Sherman was the guest of honor at
a banquet, after which a reception
was held. Among other people who
fled in to shake hands with him
General Sherman noticed a face that
was very familiar but which he could
not place.

"Who are you?" he asked in an ap-
ologetic aside, as he welcomed the
guest heartily.

The man blushed and murmured
behind a deprecatory hand, "Mad-
your shirt, sir."

"Ah, of course," exclaimed the gen-
eral loudly, and, turning to the Re-
ceiving Committee behind him he said:
"Gentlemen, allow me to present
Major Shurtz."

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and Empire recently, "is
quite the brightest and best
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Music and Drama

William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic, recently sent these verses to Henry Arthur Jones, one of whose plays we recently had the pleasure of witnessing in Edmonton, and who was in America last month in connection with the production of his latest work "We can't be as bad as all that."

The world has passed a curious way
Since last we quaffed the rosy.
My flowing locks are thin and gray,
My talk is rather prosy.
I sit and dream—I dare not drink—
I'm in the chill December,
With nothing left me but to think
Of joys that I remember.

But memory keeps the thought of you,
Your kindness and your graces,
In days when you went wandering
through

Those pleasant English places;
And so, old friend, I hail you now
With this poor rhythmic sally—
You, laureled on the mountain's brow,
I, tethered in the valley.

I hail you from a grateful heart
That proudly knows your story,
The chieftain of the glorious art
Whereby you won your glory!
I hail you with the fervent prayer
That fate will ne'er oppress you,
But skies be bright and winds be fair,
And God forever bless you!

Maude Adams produced "Chanticleer" with great success in New York last week. It was the first performance in America. Such backwardness is hard to understand. Our continent would not have lagged so far behind Europe, I venture to say, if the Brandon Stock Company had been playing in Edmonton during the past year or so. In those days New York was the only city in the New World which could hold a candle to Edmonton as a dramatic center. When an Edmontonian went to Chicago, Toronto or Montreal and was told by a friend that he had arrived just in time to witness the very latest dramatic success, he could usually reply in a superior tone, "Oh! indeed, why I saw that in Edmonton two months ago."

Great actors and actresses are almost invariably those who cherish high ideals, and if they fall far short of these, it is because the public stands in the way. It is very much the same with newspaper editors. This being the case, it is wise for those who deplore demoralizing tendencies in the stage or in the press to condemn these institutions as a whole. The world cannot get along without them. Wouldn't it be better, then, to use discrimination and give support to what is for the public good and discountenance that which isn't?

Yvette Guilbert, the most famous of music-hall singers, is using the wealth and reputation she has acquired to bring about some changes which the critics are needed. She has founded a school wherein the methods that made her famous will be applied to the fine old chansons of France. "In founding this school," says Madame Guilbert, "my aim is to propagate the good, the clean and the really clever; to turn the young away from the slangy street songs wherein vulgar phrases for wit to cultivate my little pupils a taste for the beautiful and the humorous and to sharpen their intelligence by making them say. Gaiety is almost goodness, because if one is really full of fun one can always find other subjects for entertainment than slander and back-biting."

"Yes, as everyone knows a real revolution has taken place in me. We artists of the recent past are supposed to have no ideal. At the same time the Yvette who sang in '82 was not far from the Yvette of now. In those days of '82 when the risqué sayings almost shocked the old 'marcheurs' of the boulevards, I had an old mother, who was half blind and whose only means of support were my earnings. At that time the café-concert was in a wretched state and one had to give the audience indecent songs and give it to them strong in order to gain a notoriety that would bring one into prominence. Some months after my debut I found some volumes of old songs of the eighteenth century and when I asked a pianist to adapt them to modern music he looked at me in astonishment."

"Bah," said he, "Yvette Guilbert going to sing that old stuff with her repertoire of today."
"Oh no," I replied, "not for today but for ten years from now." And so

it was. Since then I have always tried to improve the popular taste. I care more for the credit of having done this than anything else."

The following very sensible letter appears in the London Daily Mail, in reply to a statement by the director of Covent Garden that grand opera cannot be made to pay in the metropolis:

Mr. Beecham's remarks that "there is no audience for opera" and "no one in England has wanted to see grand opera" have doubtless been read with regret by all true music lovers. He apparently considers that his Covent Garden representations have given the "popular" side of the experiment a thoroughly satisfactory trial. But he misses the all-important fact: He has not catered for the masses, and until he or any other impresario produces opera in English at modern suburban music-hall prices for seats—in a word, at prices the industrial and lower middle classes can pay—it is not for him or anyone else to say that in England no one wants to see grand opera.

Mr. Beecham will no doubt answer that grand opera could not be given satisfactorily at any lower prices, and that the present high scale of pay for artists, etc., makes the patronage of the aristocracy essential. Exactly. The result is what we see every year at Covent Garden—opera de luxe for the "classes."

The ultra-modern, neurotic, cacophonous music would not appeal to the masses, but give them the real musical quality, ancient or modern, at music-hall prices, and opera in English will be what it ought to be, a real living thing.

Music Lover.

One remembers that when Smetana's opera "The Bartered Bride" was first put on at the Metropolitan some body called the opera house on the telephone and asked if the box office man wouldn't please keep some seats for "The Bartered Bride." The other day, soon after "Konigsrinder" with Miss Farrar as the Googie Girl had its first performance, which took place when "The Girl of the Golden West" was still pretty much in the minds of operagoers, a young man's voice came over the telephone much as follows:

"Say, is this the Metropolitan?"
He was assured that it was.
"I want some tickets."

"What for?"
"Well, boss, I ain't sure, but I think she said 'The Girl of the Golden Goose.'"—New York Sun.

It isn't often that one has the opportunity of publishing advance notices of such a character as those which are available in respect to Miss Kathleen Parlow. One comes across them everywhere in the course of reading eastern newspapers and magazines. Last week I published a notice from the New York Sun. Here is one from Vogue, indicating what we have to expect in the artist whom Mr. Suckling brings to Edmonton this month. Says Vogue:

"The musical sensation of the season, in the concert field, appears to be a nineteen-year-old Canadian girl violinist—Miss Kathleen Parlow, whose recent United States debut with the Russian Symphony Orchestra was commented upon in these columns in the last issue. At the time she faced a New York audience for the first time the unusual gifts of this tall slender young woman—who is barely out of short dresses—were apparent, but there was not sufficient opportunity in the brief work assigned to her on this occasion, to fully judge of her capacities. It remained for a recital programme, played in Mendelssohn Hall a few evenings ago, to put Miss Parlow to the supreme test, and she emerged from the musical ordeal with honors that have come to few in the last decade."

Such violin technique as she displayed during the interpretation of the most trying compositions possible to select has not been surpassed within our memory. In the Bach Chromatic, the Tartini "Duo," the sonata and the other virtuosos numbers chosen to elicit her talents, Miss Parlow dashed off every conceivable form of violinistic phrase with nonchalance. Her trills, double-stopping in every tone combination possible, harmonies and other complex technical accomplishments were flawless. So easily were they executed that the uninitiated would have been unaware of the sensitive diffi-

culty; but the assemblage gathered to hear the performer was quick to recognize that she is born to great things in the violin world and she was accorded a reception thoroughly deserved.

It is doubtful if any violinist ever revealed a "bigger" tone than that of Miss Parlow. Her violin—a superb instrument—is said to have been purchased chiefly for its excellence in this one direction, and if this be the case there can be no room for dissatisfaction. Her G string sounds like a 'cello, but it is almost never rough or harsh, despite the fact that the tone fairly quivers with vitality. She has yet an artistic way to go, but it is not far.

Mr. Geo. H. Suckling has much pleasure in announcing that, owing to the liberality and kindness of the Trustees of the new McDougall Methodist Church, the very distinguished young Canadian, Miss Kathleen Parlow, the brilliant concert violinist, will be able to give her 20th grand concert on Monday, February 20th in the new McDougall Church auditorium recently erected on First Street.

It is a matter of considerable importance to our people that the McDougall Church Trustees are both willing and gracious in the interests of superior music to give the public this opportunity, which means, that owing to the size of their beautiful auditorium, a large number of the seats, to hear the wonderful art of Miss Parlow, will be available at a low price for students, music pupils and others, which would be entirely different, if a smaller building had to be used.

The enterprise and vigor shown by the members of the McDougall Church of Edmonton in undertaking to erect their splendid edifice at a cost of about \$100,000 speaks volumes for their earnestness, determination and zeal in the good work. Nowhere else in Alberta is there such a magnificent building and auditorium, a matter in which all Edmontonians should feel pride.

Miss Parlow's programme will be only of the very highest type and quality of music and she will be supported by her own pianist, as well as by the eminent New Chicago tenor, Mr. Volney Mills.

BEHIND THE TIMES.

(Mr. Devoy, of Syracuse Lodge, Torquay, has written to the "Times" to say that if aviation becomes popular he intends to have spoken with long, strong prongs, fixed on the chimneys of his house, to ward off aeroplanes).

When Stephenson first harnessed steam

For purposes of locomotion,
My Grandpère's terror was extreme,
It seemed so mad a notion.

The slow stage-coach provided him,
As on his travels he proceeded,
With all the risks to life and limb
That anybody needed.

He thought a man must be insane
To trust himself inside a train.

My Father sadly shook his head
When motor-cars were first invented.

Forseeing we should soon see dead
Or else severely dented.

No sort of benefit he saw
In so unsafe a form of traction;

To him the family laundress
Gave ample satisfaction.

'A swift South-Eastern train,' quoth he,
'Is fully fast enough for me!'

To-day with grave dismay I view
The victories of aviation;

The thought of winging through the blue
Fills me with consternation.

A tumble from a motor-car
May bruise or dislocate or jar you,
But, on the roadway—There you are!

While in the air—where are you?
Let others rush to monopolies,
I'll stick to 'taxi' and to trains.

To aviators who descend
Upon the land which I inherit,
My spikes and nails shall extend
The welcome that they merit.

My pruned obstructions shall defy
Aerial trespassers who dare loom
Athwart that private patch of sky
Which I must call my air-loft!

My stiff barbed-wire their progress bars
Who hitch their wagons to my stars!

—H. G. in the "Observer"

QUESTIONABLE COMPLIMENT.

Patience—"Pshaw! I don't look like myself at all in this new hat."

Patience—"No! I think it's all right."

—Yonkers Statesman.

SEDGEWICK COLONY

Norman S. Rankin, the well known writer, recently wrote for "Canada" an interesting story on the ready-made farms near Sedgewick at the Rainbow Colony. He wrote as follows:

The trainman opened the car door abruptly, thrust in his shaggy head, and bellowed "Sedgewick!"

I awoke with a start, and sat up. The train was dashing across the prairies of Central Alberta at a forty mile clip. I looked out of the window and blinked; tired with the long day's run, I must have fallen asleep, and slept, I don't know how long.

"Sedgewick?" I echoed, questioning.

"Sedgewick? What's that?"

"The Rainbow Colony," he answered, with a grin, banging the door behind him, and passing down the aisle, "the home of the 'Ready-Makers.'"

"Rainbow Colony, 'Ready-Makers'?" I queried meditatively, turning to the man at my side. What on earth does he mean by Rainbow Colony and 'Ready-Makers'?

"Oh, he's talkin' 'bout the ready-made farms colony, back in the country there. They call 'em the Rainbow Colony 'cause of the barns and the houses bein' all painted different colors. They's for them British settlers wot's comin' out in the spring; they dub them 'Ready-Makers' 'coor' and he laughed.

"Is that so?" I replied, interestedly.

"You don't say? I believe I've heard of this ready-made farm scheme, but I didn't chin' it was up in this part of the country. I imagined it was located at a place called Iriwara, or Iriwana, or something like that, down on the irrigated lands."

"Yes, but that's the other ready-made farm proposition," he answered, "the Kindergarten Colony wot was settled by them Britishers this spring. That's down in 'ol Irrigation Block near Calgary."

"Why do you call it the Kindergarten Colony?"

"'Cause it's the first of its kind in Canada," he replied, "an' on a smaller scale. That was a sorter experiment, ye see, an' it met with such success, like, that they got busy with this here one. Them farms wot was only eight acres or so, which wuz big enuf for irrigated farms, but this Rainbow Colony is a coker, an' no mistake; this is the real goods."

"How so, I asked.

"Well, as I jist sed, the farms in the Sedgewick colony is bigger—considerably bigger—the irrigated ones—and runs from 160 to 320 acres. 'Course, like the Iriwana ones, they's fenced, hev fifty acres broke an' set 'r' crops, a well digged, an' a dwellin' an' barn bulded."

"That sounds good to me," I said.

"I suppose there's no trouble in getting settlers for them?"

"Trouble! Trouble! Yes, there sure is lots o' trouble, but it's gettin' settlers for the farms; it's gettin' farms for the settlers that makes the trouble. Fer the fifty farms in this here colony, ready for occupation in the spring, there is received over a thousand applications—good, experienced men, too, farmers who hev made a specialty of horse breedin', chicken raisin', dairyn', and sich like. Each man's a specialist in his own particular line, a winner in the business. But, Lord, man!" he broke off, excitedly, "whar you bin livin' nox ter hev heard tell o' this ready-made farm project? The press's bin full o' it."

"I live at the coast," I said, apologetically, "and am rather out of touch with farming interests. My business is lumbering, and I have a mighty little time outside these interests for anything else. I can tell you, but about these farms—what size are the houses?"

"They are 20 by 24, lath an' plaster inside, painted outside, and nicely finished."

"Great Scott!" chimed in a Home-steadier in front, who had been an eager listener to our conversation. "Lath an' plaster, did ye say? Lath an' plaster, an' paint, an' such?" I know as farmers who been in this district for ten years, prosperous, perceptive farmers, too—'an' I haven't got no lath an' plaster on their houses—whic's still here in the 'riginal chucks they bulded when they tuk out 'th' lan' Talk 'bout Home, Sweet Home! These 'Ready-Makers' has got it skinned a mile."

"Yes, they're purty swell, no doubt about that; they's the real thing, all right, alright. There ain't no herd ship in roughin' it in 'th' w' st in one

er them mansions. If them British farmers come out here under independent conditions, an' went inter fermin' for themselves, it w'd be a five year or more afore they'd hev a house an' fence like wot that thar Rainbow Colony's givin' them. 'Sides," he added, "thar's a good barn, with stablin' fer eight beasts, an' a loft fer six ton o' hay, and everything!"

"Wec's the damage," interrupted the Home-steadier, "wot they has ter cough up?"

"The value o' the lan' an' the improvements, I believe, but with the paymecs made easy—sorter pay-wen-ken kind o' arrangement, extended over ten year. If 'th' man's any good at all, at all, he'll make his paymecs regular-like off'n his crop. This here Sedgewick district grows crops, I tell ye. At 'th' Fair las' week, th' Guv'ment inspectors, he sed, 't weren't no better crops anywhere this season. Winter wheat, at w'en '47 bushel, an' oats, they w'en '62."

"It's like getting money from home," I admitted.

"It sure is," put in the Home-steadier enthusiastically, "it sure is; w'en one considers the number o' settlers a-flowin' inter this district from the south. Over 200,000 immigrants come inter Canada last year, an' more's a-comin' this year. Ye can't get no good lan' now in any desirable locality 'th' payin' fer it. My home-stead's thirty mile back near the Pag-staff Range, but there ain't no mors ter be picked up close'n mine, an' you kin bet I don't turn mine loose fer less'n a good figger—not on yer tippec. Since preparations fer them there 'Ready-Makers' ter come inter the Sedgewick district, individual land owner's prices has jumped up some 25 per cent. But wot does yer pay fer breakin'?"

"Four dollars an acre, though at the beginnin' it only cost three an' a half."

"An' discent?"

"Fifty cents."

"An' harrowin'?"

"Thirty-five cents, done three times."

"Sakes alive that mus' leave the proun' in swell condition!" ejaculated the Home-steadier. "Three times! Fancy a man walkin' inter a farm like that, wot the house all ready, an' welcome, an' the barn painted an' noo, an' the prairie broke, an' the crops a-peepin' out. Shucks! Sounds like a pipe dream ter me."

TO LEARN THE ART OF HEAD-CHOPPING.

The French executioner, the famous M. Diebler, figured in an exalted capacity the other week when he lectured and gave demonstrations on the fine art of head-chopping to a Japanese mission which is making inquiries in Europe and America into the easiest and most humane method of executing criminals. M. Diebler escorted the mission to the shed in Paris, where the "Red Widow" waits, and after a long description of each detail of the grim machine, gave a performance of the execution, cutting off the head of a dummy figure for the instruction of the whippers. They were most interested, and before leaving asked M. Diebler to make an estimate of the price of a guillotine complete with all its fittings and to include in his estimate his charge for a dozen lessons to a Japanese to be appointed for the purpose.

CHILD'S STRANGE ADVENTURE

A child, aged two and a half years, was found by two boys one day recently in the middle of one of the main thoroughfares in Market Drayton, England. It was afterwards ascertained that the child had fallen from a trap without the knowledge of the parents, named Shaw, who were returning home. They had travelled six miles before they discovered that the infant was missing. The child was well wrapped up and had not received any injury.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.—Shakespeare.

Even the most learned of us never realize how little we know till a small boy begins to ask questions.

Many women after remedying a smoky stove or a smoking lamp, have to put up with a smoking husband.

Personal Mention

Mrs. Harold Richards will receive on Monday with her sister, Mrs. L. H. Hubbard of Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Morgan have taken up their residence at 393 Eighth street.

Mr. Pirie, Manager of the Dominion Brokerage Co. has returned to the city after a month's visit to the Eastern Manufacturing Centre.

Mr. Harold Richards, Manager of the Northern Crown Bank, is visiting at the home of his father, Mr. Justice Richards, Winnipeg.

A very attractive luncheon of sixteen covers was given yesterday at the Golf club by Hon. Clifford and Mrs. Sifton in honor of Mr. and Mrs. K. N. Macfee, of London, England. The other guests were Senator and Mrs. Power, the Speaker of the Commons and Madame Maclell, Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Hon. Sydney Fisher, Miss Elizabeth Jordan, Hon. A. L. Sifton (Edmonton), Mrs. W. C. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Young, Miss Burn. Vases of pink carnations surrounded by pink tulips and chifon decorated the table.—Ottawa Journal.

At St. Joachim's church on Tuesday, the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. George Voyer was celebrated. Mass was sung and an eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Father Naessens. The church was filled with friends of the venerable pair, all of the different French-Canadian families being represented.

JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

(Continued from page one.)

Hark to what that ancient mariner, Hon. L. P. Brodeur, tells us in a circular that he has issued to induce young Canadians to enter their country's navy:

"Life in the navy," says Mr. Brodeur's pamphlet, "seems every time to be not like the open air life on shore, where you are at the mercy of the weather, or like an office or trade, where depression of trade may necessitate a reduction of the staff."

"The life at sea is represented as delightful in the extreme."

"There is plenty of time for play." In the home port there is a recreation ground, with materials for games.

On board ship there is boxing, wrestling, fencing, gymnastics, and football. Moreover, the ships have their own theatrical troupes, and entertainments and concerts are given periodically. In fact, more amusement can be obtained in the navy than in any position you can take on shore."

A mere landsman will have hesitation in saying the picture is too alluring, especially as it is very desirable that the recruits should be as numerous as possible. But he can't help recalling the experience of Barry, in a well known operatic scene of a decade ago. The song in which he recounts this runs as follows:

I want to see as a hold A. B.
And I thought when I got on board,
An admiral's berth would do for me,
As for Charlie Beresford
I'd heard a lot of a sailor's life,
And so seemed a rare good sort,
For he cut up his gig with a big sheath knife,
And could go ashore with a different wife
When he came to a foreign port.

Yo ho, little girls, yo ho!
That's so, little girls, that's so!
For it sounds all right in a sailor's song,
But you found out soon that it all goes wrong!
Heave ahead, my hearties!
If you want to know,
I'll open you a yarn ahead and astern!

Yo ho, little girls, yo ho!

You've heard it said that the sea is grand,
And the foaming waves sublime!
But it's very much like a berth on land,
With an earthquake all the time!

You sleep at night in your blanket warm
And your sheets so snug and fair,

The sudden death of Mr. George Hucon on Sunday morning occasioned general regret. He was one of the old-timers of the district and by his extensive farming operations had done much to make his resources well-known. With the advance of Edmonton he had greatly prospered and has engaged for some time in the erection of a splendid home for himself at the corner of Fourth and Victoria, which is now nearly completed. He came west thirty years ago from Collingwood and was 58 years old.

The rumor is revived at Ottawa that Senator Roy, of Edmonton, will be the new Canadian commissioner in Paris, succeeding the late Mr. F. B. The salary, it is said, is likely to be increased and new offices obtained.

Mr. S. Booth, former vice-president and general manager J. A. Bailargon and Co. of Seattle, assumed charge this week of the Hudson's Bay Stores in Edmonton. Many changes are in contemplation under his direction.

At a largely attended meeting of the Edmonton Club last Friday, the following were elected to the committee for the present year: Messrs. T. W. Lines, W. T. Creighton, J. L. Biggar, B. M. McLeod, R. H. Alexander, W. G. Harrison, R. C. Bowker, A. E. Ludwig, J. L. Powell. It is proposed to make a very considerable addition to the club building in the near future.

made by God for the effete, for the timorous or the laggard, but the strong and willing will find labor rewarded as in no other part of the world."

Charles G. D. Roberts has been singing the praise of Canadian rivers.

O' unassuming stream—'t is a splendid theme
Ye lack to fire our patriot's dream!
Annals of glory gild your waves,
Hope freights your sides, Canadian streams!

Last of all he comes to the great central plain of Canada:

And then, far tide, whose plains now beat
With march of myriad westering feet,
Saskatchewan, whose virgin sod
So late Canadian blood made sweet.

The theme is a good one and will stand developing.

In this part of the Dominion there is practically no difference of opinion as to the reciprocity with the United States, in so far as the changes actually made are concerned. They are a fine thing for our producers. The trouble is that the consumer is not given more consideration.

A careful analysis of the proposals show that the concessions are practically all on the part of the United States. The only Canadian industries that can possibly be affected by increased imports are fruit growing and lumbering. Even as to the latter there is some doubt. Many of the lumbermen interviewed are well satisfied. Others complain, the millers and the railroads and the citizens of lake and ocean ports, but what they object to is not what the Canadian but what the American government proposes to do. If the latter desires to throw down the tariff wall it is bound to have an important effect.



THE VON STEUBEN MONUMENT AT WASHINGTON.

Baron von Steuben was one of the most brilliant generals who fought under Washington in the Revolutionary War. He was born in 1730 and died in 1794 and was of distinguished Prussian family. The unveiling of his monument by President Taft on December 7 was designed to cement good feeling between the United States and Germany.

fect on Canadian trade and particularly on those branches of industry just mentioned. But if our neighbors wish to buy our products, we certainly are not likely to try to prevent them.

For Conservative leaders and newspapers to try to make party capital against the Laurier administration because of the agreement to play right into its hands. There is nothing that it would like better than to let the credit for opening the American market to Canadian products, but as a matter of fact, it has done little to bring about the result.

The changes which Canada has made in its tariff are merely nominal. Our fiscal system remains, except in a few small and not very important particulars, exactly what it was. Anyone with half an eye should be able to see what this means. Mr. Taft, after the elections last November, saw the effect of the refusal of his party

to admit agricultural products free into Canada. As Canada, under no circumstances, would import these to any extent from the United States, they had no hesitation in doing this, for in practice it would mean nothing. For certain other commodities that we do export, if they consented to small reductions, as these will not interfere with the ample provision which the products of these enjoy. We have noted the situation in regard to lumber, which leaves fruit as the only article in connection with which the Ottawa authorities have abandoned the protectionist interests.

So the whole affair can be regarded as essentially a voluntary action on the part of Mr. Taft and his colleagues, and it is on that basis that it should be discussed. So far as the Dominion cabinet is concerned, little praise or blame can attach to it.

The removing of the duty on fruit,

EMPIRE THEATRE

W. B. Sherman, Manager.

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3 NIGHTS STARTING THURSDAY, FEB. 9

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20
SONGS

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while it will not mean a large reduction in the cost of living, is so far as it goes, a very welcome move to the westerner. An interview which Premier McBratney of British Columbia gave the other day, in which he protested strongly against the change, showed quite clearly how we have paid for the protection of the fruit growers of that province. He admitted that "it costs very much less to produce fruit in the western States than in British Columbia" which therefore could not compete in the open market. But it is rather rough on the man on the prairie to have to pay to the extent that he does for the development of the fruit valleys of the neighboring province. We have surely enough things that we can do better in this country than our neighbors across the line not to try and force the establishment of industries for which their natural conditions are more suitable than our own.

THE HUSBANDETTE.

Out of a suffragette meeting comes the word "husbandette," designating a married man who is inferior to his wife in mental attainments. He is described as a creature of pious mediocrity, with the moral backbone of a jellyfish. He has no will power and noblesse through life, hopelessly common, tragically inadequate.

He may be very useful as a declaration for social functions, to pay bills, and do other little things like that, but as a factor in the evolution toward the higher life, the "husbandette" is a joke. He is an intellectual load, significant only as an incubator of what must be avoided by woman as she presses forward to the fulfillment of her mission.

For the woman who marries such a man there are three avenues of escape more or less effective. She may try to bring him up to her level, which is, of course, impossible. She may divorce him, which may be inconvenient. And she may endure him. If she endures him, how can he help letting the poor thing see that gradually she is drawing away from him, that she is entering another

sphere, far beyond his reach? She cannot. There is no need of trying to dodge the issue. The "husbandette" is doomed to suffer. Terrified and utterly helpless, he's sunk to the neck in the sand while the tide rous over and over him.

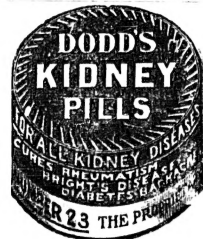
The young woman who is responsible for the new term and who has vividly described the new species itself is, however, not without sympathy. She isn't married yet, and that may account for it. She points the way to the regeneration of the "husbandette," and says hope of his salvation is in direct proportion to the celerity with which he embraces woman's suffrage.

There is the real elixir of life. Let him take a dose of "votes for women" and the "ette" will fall from that apoplexy like fluff from a thistle. Get wise, oh young man; bolster up your fallen knighthood and mount a soap box!—Jersey Journal.

No man ever lived a night life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion.—Ruskin.

Nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good.
And good works in her husband to promote.—Milton.

If the men who designed houses were condemned to do the housework in them, our servant problem would soon be solved.—Daily Mail



THE INVESTOR

THE PROFITABLE INVESTMENT OF A WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST IN EDMONTON PROPERTY — ACTIVITY ON FIRST AND JASPER—ARE MORTGAGES SAFE ON WESTERN FARM LANDS—A NEW BANK FOR CANADA WITH LARGE CAPITALIZATION.

The outstanding feature of the past week has unquestionably been the continued activity on First street north of the Norwood Boulevard. At the time of going to press the demand for this property continues and prices are rising rapidly. Several agents, notably Messrs. F. C. Lowes & Co., have paid special attention to this little boom and as a result are able to report business as being very brisk. The impression is gaining ground that the demand for this property is due partly to the fact that the First street market is now a reality, and partly to the fact that a strip of the Hudson's Bay Company's Reserve facing on First street will shortly be placed on the market. While there is not any great movement in the more highly priced portion of First street, particularly that south of the C. N. R. tracks, there are indications that values are rising in this locality, and it is generally expected that the spring movement will probably commence at a figure far in advance of where the recent movement finished.

The sale of the Blue Store property adjoining the Blowey-Henry at Jasper is yet another proof that Jasper East is going to prove a worthy sister to Jasper West as a business centre. The city is that so little is being done to improve the appearance of this portion of the city's main thoroughfare in so far as buildings are concerned. The hope that the above-mentioned building will be torn down, and that soon, and replaced by one that will be a more worthy neighbor to that on its east, is expressed everywhere, and an official intimation to this effect would be very acceptable to all those who have the best interests of the city as a whole at heart.

In suburban residential property there has also been an awakening of interest in the Great Estate and also in Inglewood. The arrival of spring and the completion of the street railway as far as Albany Avenue will mean a great deal to this portion of the city. It will lead to a large number of sales and also to a good deal of building. The popularity of these two suburbs is assured once they get the full benefit of the street railway service, because they possess two attractions which are not enjoyed to the same extent in any other portion of the city. They are within 15 minutes' car ride of the city and yet are quite out in the country. A country residence in a good class locality and within easy reach of the city is what a great many folk are looking for, and it is expected that this fact will tend to make the Great Estate and Inglewood increasingly popular in the future.

The sale of the Voyer property at the south-east corner of Jasper and

Fourteenth for the sum of \$30,000.00 is an indication of the measure of faith which men of capital have in this avenue. Investors generally are beginning to realize the value of Jasper Avenue property as a whole and the result is that all portions of it—from Government Avenue to Twentieth Street—are receiving careful attention. It was not a ways this and it seems but yesterday that anything west of Sixth street was regarded as being too far out in the country to be worth anything. The marked change of opinion in the last few years is not regretted by any public-spirited citizen of the Capital City of Alberta. It is understood that at the present time there are several big transfers of Jasper Avenue property under advisement and some interesting announcements may be looked for in this direction during the next month or six weeks.

The passing of the money by-laws last week by the large majorities that ruled was eloquent proof of the fact that the citizens of Edmonton are beginning to realize something of the greatness of their heritage and are determined to encourage every undertaking that will make it a City worthy of notice in all parts of the world. The East End bridge should mean much to the farming community on the other side of the river, opening up to them as it will, the extensive markets of Edmonton and also that of the huge Swift Canadian Packing Plant.

The Exhibition Grounds will now, in a very short time, play a most important part in the development of Edmonton as an agricultural and stock-raising centre. The advance of Edmonton as a city, to a very large extent, controlled by the growth of the Edmonton District should meet with nothing but the greatest possible encouragement from the citizens of the Capital City.

The acquirement of industrial sites by the civic authorities should mean a very great deal to the City in the future. The great transportation corporations are alive to the possibilities of the district and are gradually giving us hints in all directions—support the work of the Exhibition Association and the result will be a prosperous and well-developed territory adjacent to the City and when this is an accomplished fact we may expect to have factories knocking at our doors anxious to supply the trade that has been created for them by the wisdom and foresight and energy of the citizens of the first City of Alberta.

"Land buyers from the United States are already on the move and the Canadian Pacific officials state that several parties will arrive next

week. These landseekers will continue arriving until about the forepart of April, when farming operations at home will interfere for a few weeks. The bulk of American immigration this year, as last, seems destined for Alberta and western Saskatchewan. A big rush is also expected to the Peace River country as a large area in the famous Grand Prairie district is now open for homesteading. — Winnipeg Town Topics.

Canada will soon have a very large addition to her present banking capital, and this will no doubt lessen the stringency existing at times during certain seasons of the year. The bill of incorporation introduced in the commons law week by Robt. Becker-dike, M.P., for St. Lawrence, is one of the most important measures ever introduced into parliament, and the General Bank of Canada will undoubtedly be an accomplished fact before many months have passed away. The capital will reach ten millions of dollars, and the project is the outcome of the visit of Rodolphe For, pet, M.P., to France a few months ago.

It may be said that he has been assumed the underwriting of the full amount of the capital mentioned above, as well as the further assurance that as soon as the bank is started properly deposits from old France will be forthcoming to an amount of many times the capital of the institution. As the Banking Act requires the majority to be British subjects, there will be seven directors appointed here and four from amongst French shareholders. The French investors have, in fact, such an appetite for Canadian securities, that anything backed by reliable people here, is readily accepted by the Parisian money lenders.

It is also known that very large interests in Montreal have offered to co-operate with Rodolphe Forget in his enterprise. The member for Charlevoix has stated that he would not be a director. "But never fear," he said, "they will be selected from the very best financiers of the Dominion, and this means a great forward movement in the way of financial and commercial progress."

Branches will be established in all the large centres of the Dominion.

The charge made by Mr. W. T. R. Preston that Sir Charles Fitzpatrick discouraged certain Dutch investments in Western Canada has very decided interest and, as Mr. Preston persists in his statement, the sequel will be followed closely.

From the correspondence tabled in the Commons at Ottawa it appears that Mr. Preston had been approached last April by a Mr. Fortuyn, representing Dutch financial interests, incorporated under the name of the Netherlands Loan Co., relative to the company's proposed investments in western Canada. Mr. Preston encouraged the idea, stating that from 7 to 8 per cent. could be obtained on safe mortgages on farm lands in the west.

Last September Mr. Fortuyn notified Mr. Preston that the enterprise had received a setback in consequence of information furnished one of the directors of the company, Judge Lehman, one of Sir Charles Fitzpatrick's colleagues on the Hague Tribunal. "Some one in Canada" had told Judge Lehman that farm property in the west was at a fictitious value, and that only 5 per cent. interest, instead of 7 or 8 per cent., could be relied on. Mr. Preston declared that this Canadian informant could not be very well acquainted with conditions in the Canadian West. To offset the pessimistic report of the aforesaid "Canadian of influence," Messrs. Preston and Fortuyn secured letters from Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. Walter Scott, Hon. A. L. Sifton, Immigration Department officials, bankers and others in Canada, stating that farm values in the west were not held at boom prices, and that 7 per cent. in Alberta and 8 per cent. in Saskatchewan was a conservative rate of interest to expect on first-class mortgages. Surprise was expressed that any responsible Canadian should minimize the worth of western securities.

In a letter which Mr. Preston wrote to Mr. Fortuyn on October 17 he says: "Some people in eastern Canada are jealous of the development of the west. I regret having to admit that there are people who would rather see the whole of western Canada at the bottom of the deep blue sea than witness the wonderful prosperity of that vast area under present conditions."

There is no doubt that the promoters of the enterprise have a very genuine grievance, if the facts are as stated. That the attitude of many easterners is as represented by Mr.

Preston is doubtful. The exodus to the west has affected some communities there rather seriously, but on the whole a development has ensued as a result of the opening up of this part of the country which would have been impossible otherwise. The manufacturing and wholesale centres have undergone great expansion and most of them are fit to admit what is responsible for it.

Four years ago last summer Mrs. Fiverd Cotes, who as Sara Jeannette Duncan, has a world-wide reputation as a novelist, made a tour of western Canada with her husband, a well-known journalist, resident in India for many years. They came up from Calgary one Saturday afternoon with the idea of getting a glimpse of the town and leaving on the next train available. They became so much interested that they stayed a week, and Mrs. Cote bought 47 feet on Jasper avenue, opposite the Northern Crown Bank, now known as "The Blue Store." She paid \$22,000 for it and this week sold it for \$40,000. This is not as striking an advance as has been witnessed further west on Jasper, but is of no inconsiderable significance nevertheless.

The movement to Peace River continues to attract attention. Rev. Mr. Forbes, the pioneer Presbyterian minister in Grande Prairie, was in Edmonton this week and gave some interesting information as to the progress being made there. Forty-six households are now established in Grande Prairie, where a year ago there were none. A great rush is looked for in the spring, particularly if the work is completed on the road from Medicine Lodge. There is considerable doubt at the moment in regard to the progress that has been made. P. O. Poole, of Beaver Lodge, is leaving this week with the first threshing outfit to be taken into that section of the country. Some negotiations are on foot for the establishment of a mill there.

A Montreal despatch says that a very large influx of French capital to Canada is in prospect for the immediate future.

WHERE THE STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS NEVER RUNS

A well known Kansas banker told a story the other day about the statute of limitations.

One day an old Southerner walked into this banker's office. The Southerner was a typical gentleman of the old school.

"What can I do for you?" asked the banker.

"Well," replied the Southerner, "about thirty-five years ago I loaned a man down south some money—not a very big sum. I told him that whenever I should need it I would let him know, and he could pay me the money. I need some money now, so I shall let him know, and I would like you to transact the business for me."

"My good friend," replied the banker, "you have no claim on that money. The statute of limitations has run against the loan years and years ago."

"Sir," replied the Southerner, "the man to whom I loaned the money is a gentleman. The statute of limitations never runs against a gentleman."

So the banker sent for the money, and within a reasonable time thereafter the money came. There was a courteous gentleman at the other end of the transaction. — Kansas City Journal

THE WORST TO COME.

"Do you think we have heard the worst of the disorders in our party?" "Not yet," replied the musical man. "Just wait until our glee club gets to practising." — Washington Star.

VERY SHORT AND RIGHT TO THE POINT

FRANK MILLER TELLS WHY HE RECOMMENDS DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

He used them for Rheumatism, Heart Disease and Lumbago, and they went right to the root of his troubles.

Elkton, B. C. Jan. 30 (Special).—Frank Miller, section foreman on the railroad here, whose work exposes him to all kinds of weather, has discovered that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sovereign remedy for those kidney ailments that almost invariably follow neglected colds.

"For four years I suffered from Lumbago, Heart Disease and Rheumatism, brought on from a cold,"

The People of Edmonton will find in the IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Well-equipped Savings Department
Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$1 and upwards). Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit. All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the service of our depositors.
A special room is provided for women.
Married women and minors may make deposits and withdraw the same without the intervention of any person.
Capital Authorized, \$10,000,000.00 Capital Subscribed, \$5,000,000.00
Paid Up, \$2,575,000.00 Reserve Fund, \$2,425,000.00

Edmonton Office, Cor. McDougall & Jasper
Edmonton West End Branch, 619 Jasper West
Your Savings Account is solicited
G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK, Manager

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LEWIS' CAFE is bright, cosy and warm. Just the place to go for a Dinner Party or after the Theatre.

"IT'S THE COOKING"

Lewis' Cafe

Orpheum Entrance - - Jasper East

FIRE INSURANCE

ROBERT MAYS—Room 5, Crystal Block
Jasper West
Edmonton
Phone 1268

To Edmonton Subscribers of The Saturday News:

The problem of a delivery service is one of the most difficult that a newspaper has to grapple with. Every effort has been made to make that of the Saturday News thoroughly efficient and the management would deem it a favor if subscribers would immediately notify the office when their paper does not arrive on Friday. This is the only means by which it can remedy deficiencies.

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Read the 'News'

WHY?

Why pay rent - why live in the city - why breathe air that is not fresh? Paying rent is like throwing money down a drain - living in the city is not healthy - breathing city air is the shortest route to continued ill health.

Why not buy a lot on the beautiful Great Estate - build your own home - breathe air that is pure, and be happy and healthy 'midst pleasant surroundings?

Have you seen our Great Estate listings? They include the choicest homesites obtainable. The prices are right and the terms are most reasonable.

Drop in and let's talk the matter over. Remember: We are at your service.

F. C. LOWES & Co.

Real Estate Insurance & Co. Financial Brokers
28 Jasper Avenue, Edmonton

(Resident Agents: National Union Fire Insurance Company of Pittsburgh)

GREATEST CURE FOR RHEUMATISM IS "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

"I Honestly Believe It,"
says Mr. Mills:

Knowlton, P.Q., Oct. 12th, 1900.

For many years I suffered from severe Rheumatism and the attacks were very distressing and prevented me from doing my ordinary work.

I tried many remedies and physicians' treatments but nothing seemed to do me much good, and I was becoming very anxious for fear I would become a permanent cripple from Rheumatism.

I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and this medicine has entirely cured me, and I honestly believe that "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest Rheumatism Cure in the world.

E. E. MILLS,
Asst. P.M., Knowlton, Que.

"Fruit-a-tives" not only strengthens and heats the kidneys—but also regulates the bowels, improves the action of the skin—and thus keeps the blood pure and rich and free from uric acid which causes Rheumatism.

"Fruit-a-tives"—the great fruit medicine—is sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50 (trial size, 25c) or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



No more successful curling bonspiel has been held in the west than that which finished in Edmonton last week. There was the keenest sport from start to finish and such good fellowship as will continue to warm the cockles of the heart for many a day. Curling is the most sociable of all games and the men who have gone through a bonspiel on the same rink, particularly if they have pulled off several trophies, nothing can divide in spirit for the rest of their lives. The Edmonton curlers were warmly congratulated on the perfect arrangement they had made, and well they deserved it.

The feature, of course, was the splendid work done by Archie McKillop's rink from Calgary. For residents of a city which delights to boast of the moderation of its winter weather, its curlers have made a reputation for themselves. They must stay up all night curling when they do happen to have a little ice to play on.

In the Grand Challenge McKillop has at the time of writing, still to play off with Tarrant in Calgary. But while he stands a good chance of winning this, he also annexed the Tuckett and the Visitors' trophies, and stood well up in all the others. The Grand Aggregate, of course, went to him, with Bowen, Fletcher and Campbell tied for second place. The sturdy Hutton rink from the little town of Provost made an excellent showing, carrying off the Brewery competition. Forbes, of Calgary, won the Consolation, and Gillis, of High River, the Points. The reputation of Edmonton curlers was well maintained by the Dickens, Fraser, Macle and Campbell rinks, while the Bowen, McLean, Sheppard and Ritchie rinks did the same for Strathcona. Mr. A. C. Fraser's aggregation distinguished itself by capturing the District trophy, running away from McKillop's crowd in the final by 12-3. In the final of the Burns they were beaten by their club-mates, skipped by A. H. Dickens, by 12-0.

Despite Trumper's great effort, South Africa won the third test match by 38 runs. South Africa made 482 in the first and Australia 455, Trumper making 214, not out. In the second South Africa made 360, Australia responding with 339. Faulkner made 115 for South Africa and is now generally acclaimed as one of the world's really great batsmen. Writing of Trumper's wonderful performance, Laurence Woolhouse, in the London Daily Mail, has this to say:

"There is no batsman in the world to whom one can compare Mr. Trumper—he is a law unto himself and plays every stroke perfectly in his own style. There are no adjectives which can fully describe the ease and grace with which he scores. I have heard the oldest denizens of Lord's cry 'O-o-o-oh!' like children watching the fireworks at the Crystal Palace, after Mr. Trumper has made a most daring shot with consummate ease. I have heard Mr. Trumper's innings described as 'the gem of the day's cricket,' although he may only have made 20 or so, while some of his colleagues may have scored centuries. He is a dazzling batsman."

"His score is a record for an Australian batsman in a Test match, and it is the second highest ever scored in Test matches in Australia, the record being held by Mr. R. E. Foster, who scored 287 for England at Sydney in 1903. Mr. W. L. Murdoch scored 211 for Australia in a Test match at the Oval in 1884."

"The South Africans are indeed unlucky to catch the world's greatest batsman in such brilliant form—from which reminds us of 'Trumper's year' in England—viz., 1902, when he aggregated 2,570 runs while on tour in this country, averaging 48.40 and scoring eleven centuries."

Last week I published an article from the Saturday Review lamenting the decline of boxing in England. But if a description of a man gives on returning from the old land is correct, they at least have the virtue

over there of putting on a real fight, when they have one at all.

"I have seen many prize fights in my time," said this man, "but the one between Gunner Moore and Bombardier Wells was the most remarkable in my experience."

"Hugh McIntosh, the Australian, and Jimmy Britt are running a high class fighting exhibition business over there, and the big hall back of the skating rink at Olympia was packed with fully six thousand people, lords and dukes and countesses and duchesses and the biggest kind of swells, who had put up at least two guineas (\$10.50) a seat—at least the most of

them. Wells was the undefeated champion, so-called, and a twenty round contest was scheduled. In the first round Wells jabbed the Gunner one with his left and knocked him down, and he was so long getting up that people began to leave the hall. In the second round both men were down, with the referee counting, and neither got up on time. Then in the first minute of the third Wells was knocked out. The whole battle was over in ten minutes. It would be a good thing if a lot of American prize fighters who are always knocking out each other in the newspapers would go over there and do some real work."

An Eastern View of the Manufacturers' Attitude

Toronto Saturday Night says:

When T. A. Russell pleaded for a "policy of fiscal stability," before the Canadian Club in Toronto, the other day, he struck the right note. The thing we can do, Canada is to make it a place where all shall know that those who exercise their industry in a productive manner shall reap the full reward. That is only another way of saying that the best thing we can do is to bring about permanency of investment, or "fiscal stability." It is all the same thing. The worst we can do for Canada is to encourage a system wherein it is not necessary for a man to produce wealth in order to get it, wherein investment shall be precarious and wherein there is financial instability. The question is, what policy shall we pursue in order to bring about the condition which Mr. Russell and the rest of us are desirous of having? Would it be possible, for instance, to have permanency and stability under conditions which obtain in, say Russia, or in any country where the mass of the people are thoroughly convinced that they are not receiving fair treatment or enjoying the just reward for the services they render? Assuredly not. In other words, so long as systems are in existence in any country which are unfair, which take from one and give to the other, just so long will there be discontent and instability. Now, such a system is beyond any question in vogue in Canada, and, strange enough to say, the very man mentioned above who has been advocating "fiscal stability" is the man who is defending this system. It is as though a man advocated safety of property and yet supported a form of burglary. It is the very essence of burglary that it takes from one and gives to the other. This is precisely what a tariff does. It is just a cross-cut.

How suddenly the protectionists have become enamored of the present Canadian tariff. I remember when they declared it would ruin them, it was so low. Today, it is lower than ever. Yet here is Mr. Russell telling his hearers how the country has prospered under the "stable fiscal policy." His hearers cheered, we are told. What they cheered for I don't know. I have attended meetings of the Manufacturers' Associations and they saw an altogether different tune there. What they demanded was an unstable tariff, and that wasn't so very long ago, either. It was before the farmers came down, however. The protectionists implored the Government to raise the tariff on almost everything in sight. I will spare you the list. They declared that the country was going to wreck as fast as it could and would certainly get there if the Government didn't hustle up and make a change in the tariff. If Mr. Russell had happened along about that time and delivered an eloquent address on the desirability of keeping well enough alone and not altering the tariff, he would have found the temperature 20 degrees below zero, and if he had desired the encouragement of those cheers, he would hardly have attempted an oration on the prosperity of Canada under a stable tariff.

Where, in any case, did he become possessed of the idea that a tariff was stable or could possibly be stable? There never was anything stable about a tariff but the smell. Let him look over the list of duties in this prosperous country and he will find that if there is one thing the tariff cannot be accused of in good English, it is stability. It is constantly changing. It goes up under one Government and down under another, or up and down under each. There is no rest in a tariff, nor can there be, because it is of the nature of a division of spoils, and neither side can be satisfied with the division. Hence the constant instability. If the protagonists

of the tariff had their way it would never stop going up. And the higher it went, the more unstable it would be, the farther it would have to fall when the final crash came and the more people would be injured. It is as certain as anything can be that it will be wiped out sooner or later. There is no room for argument on that point, although the end may be and probably is, a good way off yet. However, it was only when the farmers made the attempt to take "a little bit off the top" that the protectionists developed their sudden fondness for the present tariff and their admiration for its stability. I have no hesitation in saying that as soon as the farmers get well settled down on their farms again and turn their attention towards producing some more real wealth that the high-cariffites will be on the job again at Ottawa, and the stability argument will be kept well out of sight.

Whereas an official of the Manufacturers' Association took his trusty pen in hand to show how relatively unimportant the farmers were as compared with the manufacturers—and heaven knows we want the manufacturers to prosper as long as they don't insist upon riding round on our shoulders—Mr. Russell presented the farmers as pretty much monarchs of all they survey. He declared they were no poor, down-trodden class, and that the heel of the manufacturer has not been placed on their necks. I admit that things are not as bad for the farmer as they would be if the protectionist had his way about the tariff, but to the extent that he has had his way he has shut the consumer off from other markets and compelled him to stand and deliver a large percentage of the goods he purchases from anyone outside a certain radius. When the consumer takes objection to this, instead of meeting the question fairly, Mr. Russell tells him that he hasn't yet been in the country twenty years and yet wants to dictate and upset things. This is the veriest baby talk. The Beers in South Africa adopted an attitude almost as bad as that, and the British had a few words to say in reply. I recall that most protectionists cheered them on, yet here we have them, ten years later, following the footsteps of the fallen. It is a decidedly medieval attitude, and altogether anti-British. As one who has lived very much longer in this country than this allotted span of Mr. Russell's, I object to it. Canadians, I think, are glad to see people come to this country, and have their say with the rest of us, providing they are prepared to go to work in competition with the rest of their fellows and support themselves without becoming a cost to the country. These are those whose numbers add property and wealth to the country. They compare favorably with industries which admit a balance on the wrong side of the ledger each year, and which declare they can only keep their wheels turning by the cross cut afforded by the tariff. The question is not how many of these it would take to make the country prosperous, but how many the country can support.

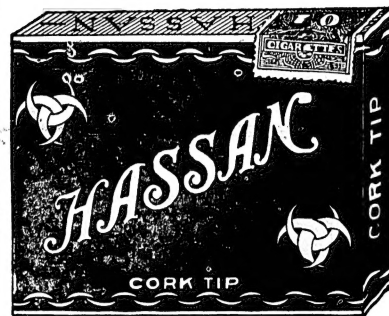
SMART, INDEED.

"Smart boy wanted." Such was the notice hung outside a busy city warehouse. It hadn't been there long before a little fellow calmly lifted it down, and went inside briskly. "Did you hang this outside sir?" he asked the manager. "Yes," was the stern reply. "And why did you put it down?" The boy looked at him for a few moments. "Pity the man's ignorance was plainly expressed in his face. Then he spoke, and his reply was short, but to the point. 'Why?' he said. 'Why, because I'm smart.'"

HASSAN

Cork Tipped

Oriental Cigarettes



Smokers Have Caught on to Its
Low Price and Fine Quality
Ten For Ten Cents.

IRISH ELECTIONS

CURIOUS STORIES OF BALLOT BOX MANIPULATION IN THE EMERALD ISLE.

According to the London Daily News many curious stories might be told of ballot boxes had tongues, especially in Ireland, where politics are played to the limit. The Daily News however asserts that the ballot was stamped out the purchase of votes in the Emerald Isle.

Some of the Irish election stories told by the newspaper quoted follow: During the Parnellite "split" in Ireland, the closest and most exciting contests were in the County Meath, both at the general election of 1892 and after the petitions by which the Parnellites unseated their opponents. There were in that county a number of Scotch shepherds, not much concerned in Irish politics. When it was found that they were abstaining, and that good votes were going to waste, a telegram was despatched to Dublin asking that a certain man with a fine Scotch accent should be sent down with all haste. It was done.

The man with the Scotch accent on his arrival was provided with various disguises, and all went well until he had voted about ten times. Then, as he was emerging from the booth, a young constable tapped him on the shoulder.

"I'm a friend of the cause," said the constable, "but if you take my advice you won't vote again for an hour."

The hint was taken, and the supposed Scot was hurried away to another station, and I believe he continued voting as long as his change of disguise lasted. He drew the line, however, when a kilt was suggested.

The apparent anomaly of more votes being cast at St. Andrews Burghs than there were voters on the register has been satisfactorily explained.

I know of an instance, however, in which there were more votes than voters. It happened, too, in the exciting days of the Parnellite "split." The presiding officer at a certain country polling station, where feeling ran high, was himself an enthusiastic partisan. On the day of the polling he was unwisely affable to the agents of the opposing side, and his good example was followed all round. When it approached eight o'clock in the evening he addressed all those of his own side in the booth.

"Boys," he said, "we have had a very pleasant day; it's like old times again. There is no more to be done and I think you may all go and get some refreshment while I'm clearing up."

The suggestion was enthusiastically adopted; the presiding officer hurriedly scamped a big batch of ballot pa-

pers, marked them for his favorite candidate, and put them in the box. It was never discovered that at that particular station there were more ballot papers than there were names on the register, and to this hour the incident is known to very few, certainly not to the candidate concerned.

The outvoter has been unusually active this year, and he has often travelled from afar. I fancy, however, that the story of the outvoter who travelled from Philadelphia to vote in Ireland will be hard to excel. When M. Thomas Kettle was standing for East Tyrone in 1906, it was known that the contest would be very close. A priest on the register was living in Philadelphia, and realizing the value of every vote started for Tyrone. He reached the constituency on the morning of the polling, voted for Mr. Kettle, and immediately took the train for Queenstown, leaving behind him the cost of a wireless message telling him of the result. He was a couple of hundred miles west of the Pastnet when he got a Marconiogram informing him that Mr. Kettle was in by a majority of 18.

In the north of Ireland, by the way, both sides know almost to a man how they will stand at the poll. In 1886, for instance, Mr. Justin McCarthy, then on the editorial staff of The Daily News, stood for Derry City, and was beaten by one vote. His committee declared that this could not be, and that Mr. McCarthy should have a majority of three votes. A scrutiny was demanded, and, sure enough, Mr. McCarthy was declared elected by a very majority, by virtue of which he sat for Derry until 1892.

There is one thing that cannot be done in Ireland under the ballot; money cannot buy votes. A great change has taken place since the present Lord Ardilaun was unseated in Dublin in 1869 for bribery on the part of agents, without his knowledge, of course. It was proved at the hearing of the petition that a number of voters had been presented with a £5 note each by a mysterious hand thrust through a hole in the wall of a house in the city.

THE REASON.

A Scottish Tassie, asked by her teacher "Why did the Israelites make themselves a golden calf?" replied with the ever ready and practical reasoning of her country-women: "Well, ye see, marm, they ladna as muckle siller as wad mak a coo." —Portland Oregonian.



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When wanting your next sack of flour ask for our "WHITE ROSE"

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TOLSTOY'S FLIGHT

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS AUTHOR'S
LAST DAYS.

A long and interesting account of Tolstoy's last days, written by P. A. Boulanger, who was at Astapovo when the writer died, has appeared in the London 'Times.' The article sets forth the motives which led to Tolstoy's departure from Yasnaya Polyana and describes the incidents of his last journey and illness.

'The last year of Tolstoy's life,' says Mr. Boulanger, 'was one of most strenuous self-control. Day by day

and that the Countess would follow him.

'Having said good-bye to his daughter, Tolstoy went to the stables to order a horse to be harnessed to take him to the railway station of Stechokino. . . . Dr. Makovsky and the Countess Alexandra brought his portmanteau and other things into the stable yard, and without returning to the house he again took leave of his daughter and drove to the station

Tolstoy's temperature had risen to nearly 104 degrees.

'The Countess had already been informed of her husband's whereabouts, and she travelled to Astapovo by special train, accompanied by her elder daughter and her sons. Before her arrival Tolstoy's youngest daughter, Alexandra, and a devoted friend of hers, Dr. Makovsky, Tcherkof and his young friend (the one who had followed Tolstoy to Shamordino) were with his sick man. Seeing the dangerous condition Tolstoy was in, Dr. Makovsky sent to Moscow for Dr. Nikitin, who knew the patient's constitution well, and had treated him during a serious illness ten years ago.

'Those around Tolstoy realized the danger of allowing the Countess to see him under the circumstances, especially as he himself in his notes referred to the fact that it would be painful for him to be found by her, and that he would not be able to bear an interview. It was decided, therefore, not to let him know that the whole family were assembled at the station, and to persuade the Countess not to show herself to the invalid.

'Only his eldest son, Sergei, and his daughter Tatiana were allowed to see him. Tolstoy was much surprised and seemed excited when he saw his son.

'How did you know where I was?' he asked.

'The guard of the train you went by told me you had gone in his direction, and I wanted to see you,' he later answered.

'When he first saw his daughter Tatiana he became anxious and asked: "With whom have you left your mother?" Tatiana hastened to assure him that two of her brothers were with their mother, but she could not make up her mind to tell him that her mother was also there at the station.

'During the night of the 16th he was very restless, and during the whole of the first half of it he moaned and was delirious. In the morning his temperature was over a hundred, and his weakness increased. He still tried to dictate his thoughts, but kept falling into drowsiness and even grew delirious during the day, and in his delirium exclaimed, "To escape . . . to escape!"

'On the night of the 17th the patient hardly slept at all, and was much excited and constantly delirious.

'Just then a telegram addressed to Tolstoy from the Metropolitan Antonius of Petersburg urging the former to return to the bosom of the Orthodox Church. The patient's condition was so serious and he was so often unconscious that it was decided not to communicate any news to him until he himself asked for it.

'The first half of the night of Nov. 10 Tolstoy slept pretty quietly, but during the second half he was very restless and moaned aloud, being troubled with hiccups and heartburn. At 2 p.m. the sick man suddenly sat up in bed and said in a loud, distinct voice:

with Makovsky.

'All the way he was agitated, fearing that the Countess might wake and overtake him, and that one of those scenes would ensue from which his nerves were already suffering.

'When at last he had taken his seat in the train he gave a sigh of relief. He decided to go first to his sister, a nun living in the Shamordinsk Monastery, ten miles from Opatyn Monastery. She was bound to him by tender memories from childhood, and he wished to bid her good-bye before commencing his new life. . . .

'She was amazed to see him, but at once guessed what had happened. Their meeting was very touching and they both wept for a long time. Seeing the quiet, peaceful surroundings in which the nun lived, Tolstoy said he would be happy to live under such conditions, and would be ready to live in a monastery if only they would not force him to submit to the Orthodox ritual. He took a room in the Convent Hotel and let his youngest daughter know that she might join him.

'On Nov. 12 he began to complain of feeling indisposed, and on the morning of Nov. 13 quite unexpectedly resolved to proceed on his journey to Rostov-on-Don, where he wished, by the aid of an influential relative, to procure a passport for abroad in order to leave Russia.

'Till mid-day he did not feel very ill travelling in the train, but subsequently he began to complain of a chill and his temperature rose to over 101 degrees. The doctor decided that it would not do for him to travel further in that state, and they stopped at the first convenient station, which happened to be Astapovo.

'Supported by his daughter and the doctor, Tolstoy descended from the train with difficulty. The station master, as soon as the matter was explained to him, placed his house at the invalid's disposal. In the evening



The late Count Tolstoy in peasant's garb. He always wore the same dress as the moujiks.

he felt the irritable, angry and offensive attitude of his wife and of some of his sons toward him, and he constantly struggled with himself not to allow any ill will towards them to arise within him.

'On the night of Nov. 9, when Tolstoy was in bed and had put out the light, the Countess, believing him to be asleep, entered his study and began to search among his papers. Tolstoy heard this and feelings of indignation and revolt rose in him with such strength that he could not subdue them.

'He counted his pulse, which was beating very quickly and irregularly, and suddenly he felt it was useless to remain in his old home any longer. He had to go away and realize his long cherished dream of living a solitary and humble life.

'When the rustic in the study ceased and Tolstoy had assured himself that the Countess was asleep in her bedroom, he rose, collected his papers, and went to tell his friend, Dr. Makovsky, that he had decided to leave the house at once. It was three o'clock in the morning.

'After closing the door into the next room, that the Countess might not hear his preparations, he packed his papers and the necessary clothing. He took only two changes of underclothing, evidently considering that quite enough for his future life. Then he went to awake his youngest daughter and bade her good-bye. She was staggered and grieved that he did not wake her with him.

'But will you be prepared to face the plain life and perhaps the poverty that awaits us?' he asked.

'Yes, any life you like, papa; only not to part from you!' she answered.

'Then Tolstoy promised to let her know where he went, that she might join him, but he would not tell her at once where he was going for fear his mother's distress might cause his daughter to betray his whereabouts



The late Count Tolstoy in pilgrim's garb such as he wore on his journeys.

'This is the end . . . Remember only, there are many people in the world such as Leo Tolstoy, and you have all gathered around this one Leo.'

'He had not the strength to say more. A sudden collapse of the heart's action followed. . . . Toward evening his condition was again better.

'As his pulse was growing weaker and weaker they sent word to the Countess, who waited close by for the moment when she might see her husband.

'Controlling her agitation, she entered quietly, and fell on her knees to kiss his hand. He sighed deeply, and a few minutes later she went out into the next room, and artificial respiration was again resorted to.

'About five o'clock in the morning of Sunday, November 20, he raised his knee, and when the doctor who came to put him straight brought a candle near his eyes the patient tried to turn away from the light, being evidently conscious all the time.

'After he had been put straight he continued to breathe regularly and quietly, but soon a whistling sound was heard in his breath. About 6 a.m. the breathing became less loud, and at last scarcely audible. The whole family and his friends assembled round the bed of the dying man. No one now had any doubt that the end was near.

'The last breaths," said Dr. Shouravsky, who stood near the head of the bed, and at seven minutes past six Tolstoy passed away.'

A TRAGEDY IN THE ZOO.

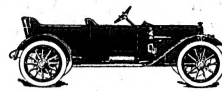
A sad little domestic tragedy happened in the London Zoological Gardens recently in connection with the birth of a handired gun. Shortly after the infant gun was welcomed the mother showed signs of fever, and after leaving the tiny orphan to the care of the keepers. The baby pined for its dead parent. It refused food, the keepers using in vain all their ingenuity to persuade it to take nourishment.

Hearing of the difficulty, Mr. A. H. Cocks, a member of the Zoological Society, offered his help. Mr. Cocks has a wonderful farm near Henley, where he has successfully reared many wild animals. In charge of a Peep, the orphan went by train to his farm, where a good-natured cow was pressed into service as a foster-mother. Here the little gun found the warmth, food, and "mothering" it needed, and the orphan is making wonderful progress.

Dancers, composers, and dramatists alike labor under the disadvantage of always being considered second-class in their own country.—Truth.

Divorce is developing into a habit. Some people are even beginning to look upon it as the inevitable corollary of marriage.—Gentlewoman.

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